



Geronimo Stilton

THE SUPER SCAM



 SCHOLASTIC

MINI MYSTERY



Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton

MINI MYSTERY





THE RODENT'S GAZETTE
EDITORIAL STAFF





Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy
mouse; editor of
The Rodent's Gazette



Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and
special correspondent at
The Rodent's Gazette



Trap Stilton

An awful joker;
Geronimo's cousin and
owner of the store
Cheap Junk for Less



Benjamin Stilton

A sweet and loving
nine-year-old mouse;
Geronimo's favorite
nephew

Geronimo Stilton

THE SUPER SCAM



Scholastic Inc.

ONE LONG WEEK

It was a **chilly** evening in November. I was at home, sprawled out on my favorite pawchair in front of a cozy fire. It had been one **LONG** week. I had been running my tail off at the newspaper.



Oops! Excuse me — I always forget to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous



newspaper on Mouse Island.

Anyway, where was I?

Oh, yes, I was relaxing at home with a **STEAMING** cup of chamomile tea in my left paw and a pawful of my favorite chocolate **Cheesy Chews** in my right.

Soothing classical music filled the room. I was listening to the one and only **Mozart**. What a musical genius! I sighed happily.

I had just closed my eyes and put my paws up on my pawrest when all of a sudden . . .

DING DONG!

My doorbell rang.

I jumped a foot, **flinging** my tea into the air.

So much for a relaxing night!



URGENT LETTER FOR MR. GERONIMO STILTON

I shuffled to my front door.

“Who is it?” I squeaked **nervously**.
It was after ten p.m. Who would be
ringing my doorbell so late?

“**Mail!**” yelled a high-pitched voice
on the other side.

Mail? In the middle of the night?

“**URGENT** letter for Mr. Geronimo
Stilton. Can you please open the door? I
need your signature,” the voice continued.

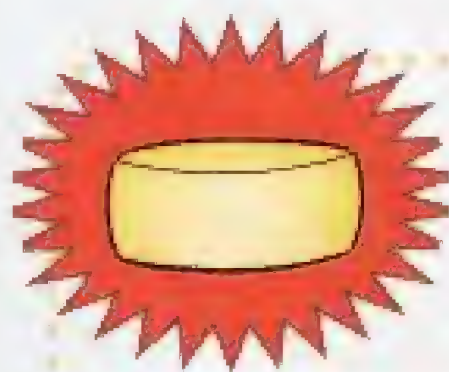
I opened the door, signed a form,
then returned to my pawchair to read the
letter. It said:

BUY-O-RAMA SUPERSTORE

Dear Customer,

You are cordially invited to the grand opening of Squeakman's Buy-O-Rama Superstore this Sunday at our fabumouse New Mouse City location. Every guest will receive free wireless Squeakman's Super Headphones! See you there!

Cheesily yours,
Cyril Squeakman



Scratch the cheese symbol
next to this message.
You could be the lucky
winner of a cheese-scented
mountain bike!

**If it's at Squeakman's,
you gotta have it!**

Cyril Squeakman



I was thinking about what I would do with a cheese-scented mountain bike (I'm not a great biker) when the phone rang.

RRRIIIIIINNNNNGGGG!!!

Once again I jumped a foot, this time **flinging** the letter in the air.

So much for a relaxing night!



HELLO! HELLO! HELLO!

As soon as I picked up
the phone, a mouse began
squeaking my ear off.



“**HELLO! HELLO!**
HELLO! I’m Cindy from
Squeakman’s Buy-O-Rama Superstore
and do I have some **great** news for
you!” she gushed. “You are the lucky
winner of a **FREE** gift card to use at our
new store!

CONGRATULATIONS!

Just present the **card** and you’ll receive



a **FREE** pair of Squeakman's super-**stretchy** suspenders!"

I tried to explain that I prefer wearing a **BELT**, but she cut me off.

MOLDY MOZZARELLA, that mouse could squeak! She insisted that I write down

a **Secret code** that would allow me to collect my prize.

But while trying to get a notepad, I **tripped** on the phone cord and fell flat on my snout!

KABOOM!



Forget the suspenders — I might need a pair of crutches! I thought as Cindy rattled off my **Secret code**. Then she chirped good-bye and **hung up** before I had a chance to write it down.

“Thanks,” I murmured, still lying on the floor.

A few seconds later the phone rang again.

RIIIIIINNNNNGGGGGGGGG!!!!!!

So much for a **RELAXING** night!

CAN WE GO?

I sighed and picked up the phone.

“Stilton residence,” I answered, looking wistfully at my **cozy** pawchair.

“Hi, Uncle!” a little voice **squeaked**.

I cheered up instantly. It was my dear nephew **BENJAMIN**.

I would do **anything** for him! So when he asked me if I would take him to the opening, I said **yes** without even thinking.



Then I realized I had **no idea** what opening he was talking about.

“The grand opening of **SBS**, of course!” he explained.

“SBS?” I mumbled.

“SQUEAKMAN’S BUY-O-RAMA SUPERSTORE!” Didn’t you see the commercial on TV? They’re giving away **FREE** wireless Squeakman’s Super Headphones! Can we go?” he pleaded.



First I turned as yellow as Swiss cheese . . .

1



. . . then as red as a tomato . . .

2



... then as brown
as a bar of milk
chocolate.

3

If there's one thing I hate, it's **shopping**! And I especially hate those ginormouse shopping centers — they're usually filled with teenage **MALL RATS**. But I would rather **RIP** out all my whiskers than disappoint my nephew.

So I said, "Of course, we can go! In fact, we'll be the **first** ones to get there!"

JUST A FEW MORE PAWSTEPS!

What a bad idea!

That Sunday, *everyone* else in New Mouse City also went to the **GRAND OPENING** of **SBS**. As soon as we got in the car, we were stuck in a **HUGE** traffic jam!

The whole time, the face of Cyril Squeakman *grinned* down at us from billboards on the side of the road.





IT WAS A REALLY REALLY LONG TRIP ...

TWO HOURS AND FIFTEEN MINUTES to reach the parking lot!



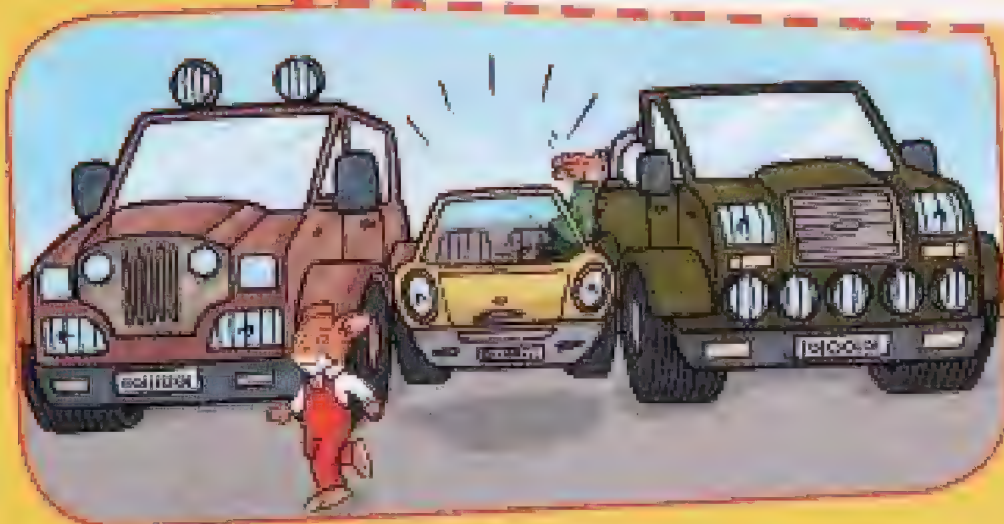
FORTY-FIVE MINUTES to drive around the whole parking lot without finding a spot!



HALF AN HOUR to squeeze in between two SUVs in another parking lot five miles away! (Parking lot Z, row 899!)



FIFTEEN MINUTES to get out of the car — using the window!



... **BUT WE FINALLY ARRIVED!**

Well, I *thought* we had arrived. Until I realized that we had to cross **ALL** the parking lots and follow a **TON** of signs to get there:

THIS WAY TO SQUEAKMAN'S!

JUST A FEW MORE PAWSTEPS!

YOU'RE ALMOST THERE!

What a workout! I was **EXHAUSTED!** Did I mention I'm not the most athletic mouse on the block?

"Come on, Uncle. You can do it!" Benjamin encouraged me. I tried to

smile, but by the time I arrived at the entrance to Squeakman's Buy-O-Rama Superstore, I was a **wreck**. My heart was **POUNDING** and my tongue was dangling out of my mouth.



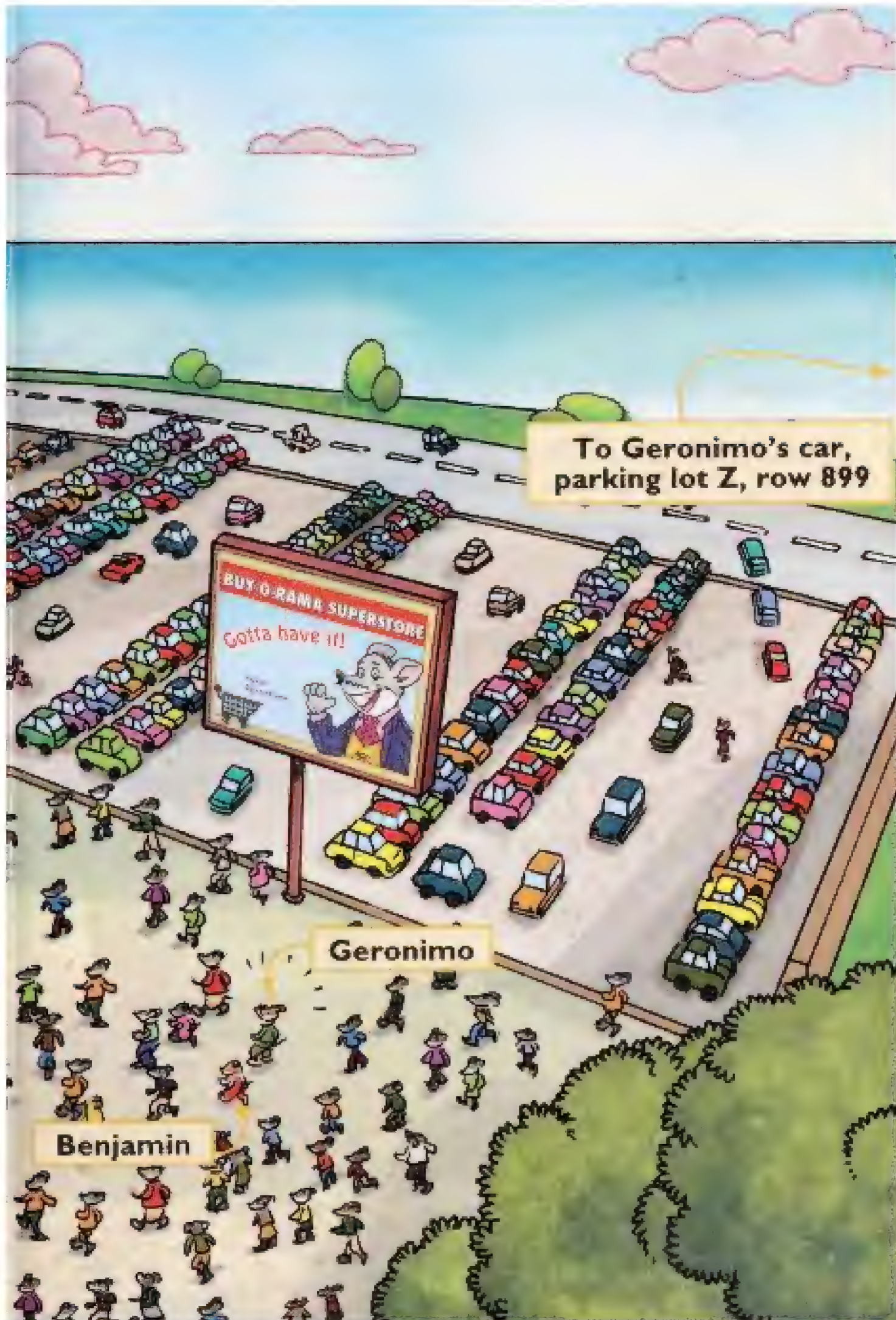


Antenna

Helicopter

Unloading
dock

Cyril
Squeakman



To Geronimo's car,
parking lot Z, row 899

BUY O-RAMA SUPERSTORE
Gotta have it!

Geronimo

Benjamin

A LONG LINE OF MICE

When I stopped panting, I looked around. The first thing I noticed was a **helicopter**



parked on the roof. Then I saw a really **TALL** antenna. *Strange.*

A **LONG** line of mice stood in front of a big flashing sign that read **FREE WIRELESS SQUEAKMAN'S SUPER HEADPHONES!**

Benjamin and I got in line with everyone else. While I was waiting, I

tried not to **SCREAM**. It wasn't easy because:



MY PAW GOT STEPPED
ON 36 TIMES!

I GOT ELBOWED IN THE
STOMACH 14 TIMES!



A VERY HEAVY MOUSE
FELL ASLEEP ON MY
SHOULDER!

After forty-five minutes, we **FINALLY** arrived at the counter, where *Cyril Squeakman* himself waited on us with a big **PHONY** smile.



Cyril Squeakman

CLUE 1

What strange thing do you notice on the roof of Squeakman's store?

CYRIL SQUEAKMAN

“Mr. Stilton! What a pleasure!” he bellowed, **crushing** my paw in his.

I blinked. “Do we know each other?” I asked, wincing. My paw was **throbbing**. Where was a nice bucket of **ice** when you needed one?



“Oh, don’t be shy, Stilton! I’m a big fan! *The Rodent’s Gazette* . . . your many books . . . I’ve read them all!” he declared. His smile was so **bright** it hurt my eyes. “And who is this **adorable** young mouse?” he asked, patting Benjamin on the back.



“This is my nephew Benjamin,” I replied.

“Nice to meet you, Benny!” he said in his **TOO-LOUD** voice.

Then he handed us each a headset.

“Here are your **FREE** gifts! Two incredible sets of **Squeakman's Super Headphones**. Put them on! They will help you select our products. And you use this button for your **SQUEAKMAN'S SUPER CART**. Happy shopping, Stiltons!” he cried, **crushing** my paw once more.

I wondered if I would ever be able to write with it again.

GOTTA HAVE IT!

Benjamin put on his headset and took off into the crowd.

“**Wait for me!**” I called, grabbing a shopping cart.

But he couldn't hear me.



I sighed and put on my headset. I was definitely not in the **MOOD** to shop, but what else could I do?

The minute I put on the headset, *happy* music filled my ears. Suddenly, I had the urge to **DANCE**!

And when I glanced up, I realized everyone else was **Dancing**, too!





I tried to resist the temptation to dance, but it was practically impossible. (**HOW STRANGE** — I don't even like dancing!)

I found myself **JUMPING** around with my headset on. I felt so **happy**!

I looked at the shelves and started to **grab** everything in my reach.

I got . . .



- 5** pounds of Swiss cheese,
2 Squeakman's alarm clock radios,
10 containers of Squeakman's
shower gel,
13 baseball hats that said "I love
SBS!"
1 Squeakman's Multi-tasker
Smoothie Machine with a built-in
fur dryer, and
7 tubes of fur-quenching aloe
butter!



Benjamin was doing the same thing.
He had put in the cart:



1 enormous teddy bear,
7 Squeak-Station video games,
2 pairs of swim fins,
5 boxes of Squeakman's chocolates,
400 inflatable balloons,
12 blue SBS bouncy balls, and
1 giant motorized car shaped like an elephant!

As I shopped, I sang out, "**Gotta have it!**" I was so happy!

CLUE 2

Why do Geronimo and Benjamin suddenly feel so happy and have a strange desire to dance?

POP! POP! POP!

Soon I was pushing such a **FULL** cart that I couldn't even see where I was going. I ended up **CRASHING** into another Squeakman's Super Cart **Jam-packed** with items. It was being pushed by a large mouse.



She was moving so **fast** she rolled right over me and kept on going. I hit the ground with a **thud** that sent my headset flying. Then I heard a sound like a thousand soap bubbles popping.



POP!

POP!

POP!

When the sound stopped, I looked around in confusion. . . .

Why was everyone dancing and singing, “**Gotta have it!**”?

Even my nephew Benjamin was kicking up his paws and singing. I felt like I was stuck in the middle of a **Gotta have it!** music video!



How **STRANGE!**

Just then a security mouse in **dark** glasses approached me. He was dressed in black and had a small microphone in front of his mouth.

“Are you **okay**, sir?” he asked me.

“Well . . . I . . . ,” I began.

But he cut me off.

“Let me help you,” he said. Then he





picked up everything and
put it back in my cart.



“Th-th-thank you,”

I stammered. The dark
glasses were so **CREEPY**. Why wear
them inside? I thought about asking him,



but instead I said, “Why is
everyone **singing** and
Dancing?”



The security mouse ignored me.

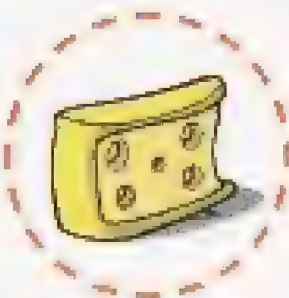
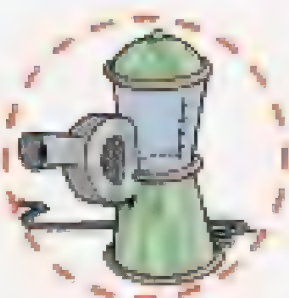
He just **Jammed** my headset back



onto my head. Then he squeaked
into his microphone:

“DANGER AVERTED.

SITUATION UNDER CONTROL.”



I started to **FROWN**, but then I heard the music coming from my headset. I was **happy** again!

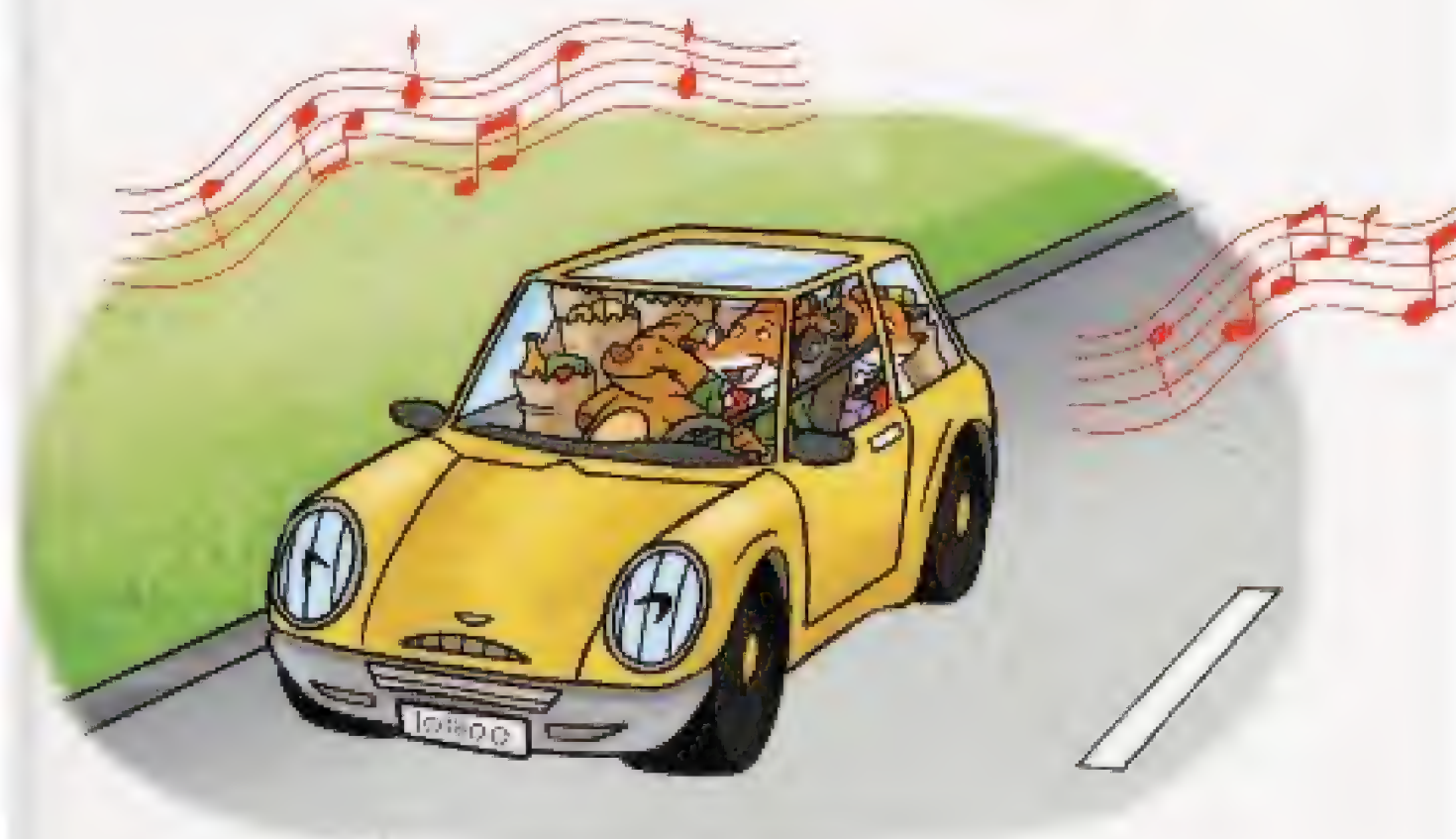
Before long I met up with Benjamin at **REGISTER NUMBER 320**.

CLUE 3

Why did the security mouse say "danger averted" into his microphone?

DID YOU GO SHOPPING?

I spent a **TON** of money without batting a whisker — we needed **44** shopping bags for all the things we bought! Plus, I received my free Squeakman's super-**stretchy** suspenders even though I didn't have the **Secret code**.



I was so **happy**. It took me forever to get everything packed into the car, but I never stopped **smiling**. Finally, we took off, **SINGING** at the tops of our lungs along with the music on our headsets: "**Gotta have it!**"

At home, we unloaded our purchases in the living room. Then the **music** in my headset turned off by itself. Again I heard a sound like a thousand soap bubbles popping.

POP!

POP!

POP!

POP!

I looked around the room at all the useless **JUNK** I had bought. Suddenly, I began to feel very **unhappy**.



Meanwhile, Benjamin was still smiling, staring into space, and **humming** along with his headphones. What was happening? Why did the music have this **STRANGE** effect?

I pulled the headset off Benjamin's head. After a few minutes, he stared at me, looking totally **confused**, and said, "What is all this stuff, Uncle? Did you go shopping?"

HE DIDN'T REMEMBER A THING!

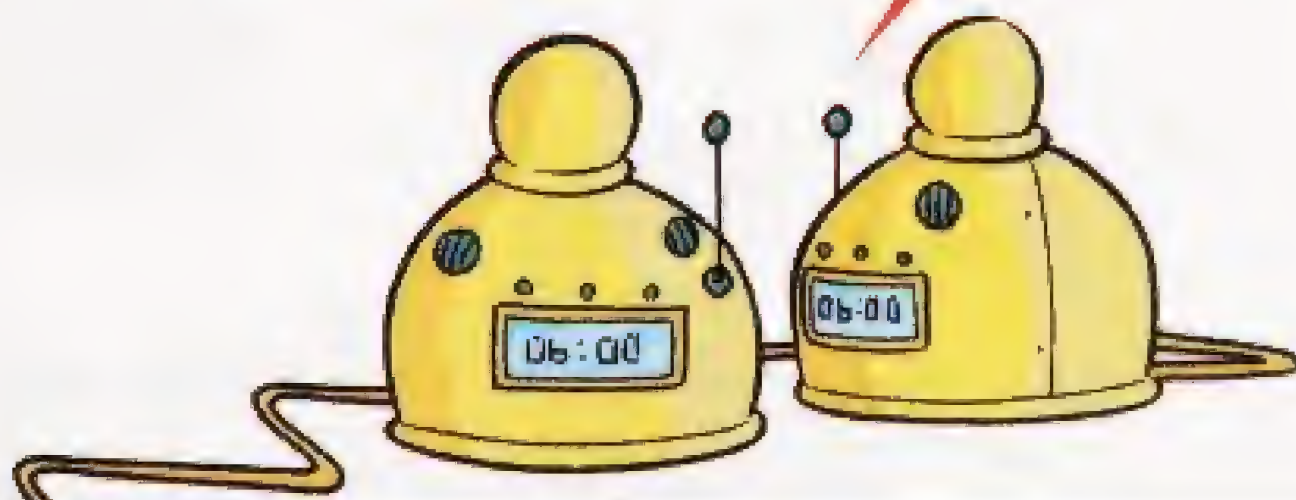
By now, I was feeling totally **confused** myself. Why would I go shopping? **I hate shopping!** Was it all a bad dream?

I was so exhausted I decided to sleep on it.

WHAT KIND OF PRODUCT WAS THIS?

The next day at six in the morning, the two Squeakman's alarm clock radios began **SQUEAKING** so loud I leaped out of bed like a **HIGH-JUMP** champion!

**GOOD MORNING FROM
SQUEAKMAN'S BUY-O-RAMA
SUPERSTORE! IF IT'S AT
SQUEAKMAN'S,
YOU GOTTA HAVE IT!**



Suddenly, I remembered shopping at Squeakman's and all the **STUFF** Benjamin and I had bought. I took a shower with my new Squeakman's shower



gel, and within two minutes I was covered in **itchy red** bumps. **What kind of product was this?**

I thought I would get rid of them with a little Squeakman's aloe butter, but the bumps just turned **GREEN** and the itching got **WORSE!**

What kind of product was this?



Yuck!

Then I tried to make myself a mozzarella and banana-kiwi **milkshake** with my new Squeakman's Multi-tasker Smoothie Machine with built-in fur dryer. But when I turned on the blender, the fur dryer kicked on, too, **spewing** shake all over my head and the kitchen ceiling. **What kind of product was this?**



Oops!



I cleaned myself up and tried on my new Squeakman's super-stretchy suspenders. But they **stretched** so much my pants fell to the floor.

What kind of product was this?



Finally, I opened up a box of Squeakman's chocolates. **HOW** can you mess up chocolate? But after only one nibble, my teeth were completely **stuck** together!

I promised myself I would never set foot in that junk-filled **SUPERSTORE** ever again! I headed out to my office, **fuming**.



Just then I heard a mother shrieking because a wheel had **rolled** off her new Squeakman's baby stroller.

Next I spotted two little mice on their way to school with



new Squeakman's backpacks that had come **unstitched**, as well as a jogger who had lost a sole off one of his new Squeakman's **sneakers**.

Holey cheese! I thought. *Squeakman is ripping everybody off!*

Someone should turn that rotten fur ball in! I reached the



office, determined to write a **NASTY** article about him in my paper. I had already thought of the headline:

Printed & Published: Tomorrow's News
www.thetomorrownews.com

17 Great Circle Road
New South City

THE RODENT'S GAZETTE

SUPERSTORE IS A SUPER SCAM!

Squeakman's Buy-O-Rama Sells Junk!

ALBANY, N.Y. (The Rodent's Gazette) — A massive scam has been uncovered in the heart of the city, involving a store known as Squeakman's Buy-O-Rama. The store, which claims to sell everything from electronics to furniture, has been found to be selling nothing but junk and stolen goods.

According to sources, the store has been operating for several months, but its true nature was only revealed after a series of complaints from customers. Many of these customers reported that the items they purchased were either broken, stolen, or of extremely poor quality.

The store's owner, a man known only as "Squeakman," has been identified as the mastermind behind the scam. He is believed to have sourced his inventory from various illegal channels, including stolen goods and counterfeit products.

Local law enforcement is currently investigating the case, and several individuals have been arrested in connection with the scam. The store has since been closed, and the items on display are being seized.


The Rodent's Gazette is continuing to monitor the situation and will provide further updates as the investigation progresses.



WHAT WAS GOING ON?

I was heading for my desk when I realized there was something **strange** about the office. All my coworkers were dancing around wearing Squeakman's Super Headphones. "**Gotta have it! Gotta have it!**" they sang happily.

I grabbed one of the new editors, Katie Cheeseheart, and **squeaked**, "What's going on?"

She looked at me with a **grin**. In addition to her headset, she was also wearing a T-shirt that said "**I**  **SBS**"!







I **gulped**. Something told me I already knew the answer.

Katie lifted up her headset. “We’re listening to the Squeakman’s station. The music’s **So** catchy! **Put on your headset!**” she crooned, dancing away.

Double **gulp**. I ran to my desk.

A few minutes later, Patty Plumprat appeared at my **office** door. She held up the first proof of the newspaper.



“Look, Mr. Stilton. Isn’t this great?” she asked.

When I saw it, I nearly **HIT** the ceiling. The whole last page

was an ad for Squeakman's!

In the ad, Cyril wore his phony grin by a slogan that read "**Gotta have it!**"

"Who approved this?" I asked Patty, my head **POUNDING**.

"Your sister did, Mr. Stilton," Patty answered.

I called Thea. She wasn't in. "You have reached the voice mail of Thea Stilton," her message squeaked. "Sorry you missed me. I'm at the **SBS SUPER SALE**. Half price off all Squeakman's in-line skates, skateboards, and accessories! **Gotta have it!**"

I groaned. **What was going on?**



PUT ME ON!

I left the office and **ran** home.

I had to figure out why **every mouse** I knew was dying to shop at Squeakman's. It didn't make sense. New Mouse City had a lot of malls whose products were much better quality than Squeakman's.

I made myself a nice cup of tea and stared at my **Squeakman's Super Headphones**. They were turned off, or at least it seemed that way.

All of a sudden a **BUZZ** started coming out of the headset! A voice

commanded, “**PUT ME ON! PUT ME ON!**” over and over.

Before I could stop myself, I reached for the headset. I felt like I had **no choice**. I **had** to put it on! But before I could, the voice stopped.

Then it started up again. “**PUT ME ON . . . BZZZZ!**”



Finally, the headset turned off for good. It was **BROKEN**.

Just like before, I heard the sound of a thousand bubbles popping.

POP! POP! POP!

Suddenly, I clapped my paw to my head. “**That’s it!**” I squeaked. At last,



I understood exactly what was going on!

But before I could do anything, the doorbell **rang**.

It was my nephew Benjamin and his friend Buggy Wuggy. They were both happily wearing their headsets.

“Hi, Uncle! Can we go **back**?” Benjamin exclaimed.

“Go back . . . **where**?” I asked, already knowing the answer.

Buggy **poll**ed her eyes. “Where else, Uncle G? To Squeakman’s!” she shouted.

CLUE 4

**What did Geronimo
finally understand?**

YOU'D BETTER LIE DOWN

I pulled Benjamin and Buggy inside. Then I removed their **headphones**.

"Wait . . . ,” Buggy protested.

"What's going on, Uncle?” Benjamin asked, looking confused.

I tried to explain. "I think there is something **strange** about those **headphones**,” I said. "For some reason, whenever anyone puts them on, they want to go **SHOPPING** at Squeakman's."

Benjamin scratched his head. "But the headphones only play **music**,” he mumbled.



“Yeah,” agreed Bussy. “Music can’t convince you to go shopping, Uncle G. Maybe you’d better lie down. You’re sounding a little **CUCKOO**. Did you get hit on the head recently? How many **WHISKERS** do I have?”

Bussy stuck her snout in my face.
I **ignored** her.

“I’m telling you, the headphones convince you to do things. Before you got here, mine started squeaking, ‘**PUT ME ON!**’ Then they broke,” I insisted.

Bussy rolled her eyes. Benjamin coughed.

why didn't they believe me?

SUBLIMINAL SOUND WAVES

Then I got an idea. I would ask my friend the famous scientist **Professor Paws Von Volt** what he thought.

It took the professor less than ten minutes to solve the mystery.

“What you are describing, Geronimo, is something called **subliminal sound waves**,” he said. “They are sound waves that have the power to **hypnotize**. Anyone who listens to them will do whatever they are instructed to do.”

“Like go shopping for **JUNK** at Squeakman’s superstore?” I said.





The professor nodded. “And with a powerful antenna, these **waves** could be spread miles away,” he added.

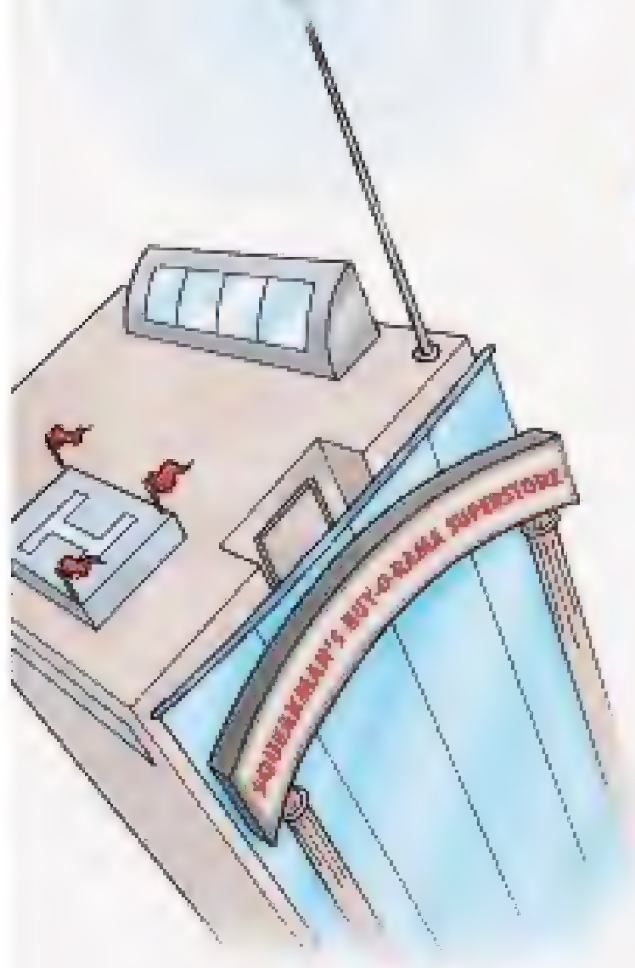
I blinked, picturing the **Humongous** antenna we had spotted on top of SBS.

So *that* was how Squeakman was getting everyone to shop at his superstore!

“That place is no **SUPERSTORE!**” Buggy squeaked. “It’s a **super scam!**”

“You can say that again!” I agreed.

“That place is no **SUPERSTORE!** It’s



a **super scam!**"

Bugsy repeated.

Benjamin
giggled. Then
he grabbed my paw.

"Remember when you
RAN into that mouse with
your cart, and your headset
fell off? It must have
broken then," he guessed.

I shook my head, remembering. It
was a good thing that had happened.
Otherwise we might never have solved
the **mystery**. For once, my clumsiness
had paid off!

"That's it! I'm bringing these



headphones to the police. They'll arrest that **rotten** swindler Cyril Squeakman! It's time he stopped ripping off everyone in New Mouse City!" I said.

I was about to run to the **police station** when Benjamin and Bugsy stopped me.

"Wait, Uncle G. We've got a better idea. We just need the professor's help with these," Bugsy said, holding up the **headphones**.

CLUE 5

What do Benjamin and Bugsy want to do with the headphones?

WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK!

The professor knew what Benjamin and **BUGSY** wanted to do with the headphones — **reprogram** them! He got right to work.

The next morning we met at my house, then headed to **SQUEAKMAN'S**. I couldn't wait to get to the superstore — but for a different reason this time!

As soon as we arrived,



I stared up at the helicopter and the **EXTRA-LONG** antenna on the

roof. I could see exactly where those sound waves were transmitted!



Just like last time, **SBS** was mobbed with mice.

But today **nobody** looked happy.

Nobody was singing or dancing or wearing headphones. In fact, everyone looked **FURIOUS**. And the line at the complaint counter was two miles **long**!



“This cat-fur coat has two **holes** in the armpits!” yelled the large mouse who had rolled her cart over me before.

“This thermal blanket shoots out **sparks**! It set my bed on fire!” yelled an old rodent with a cane.

“This bottle **leaks**! It soaked my precious mouselet!” yelled a mother mouse.



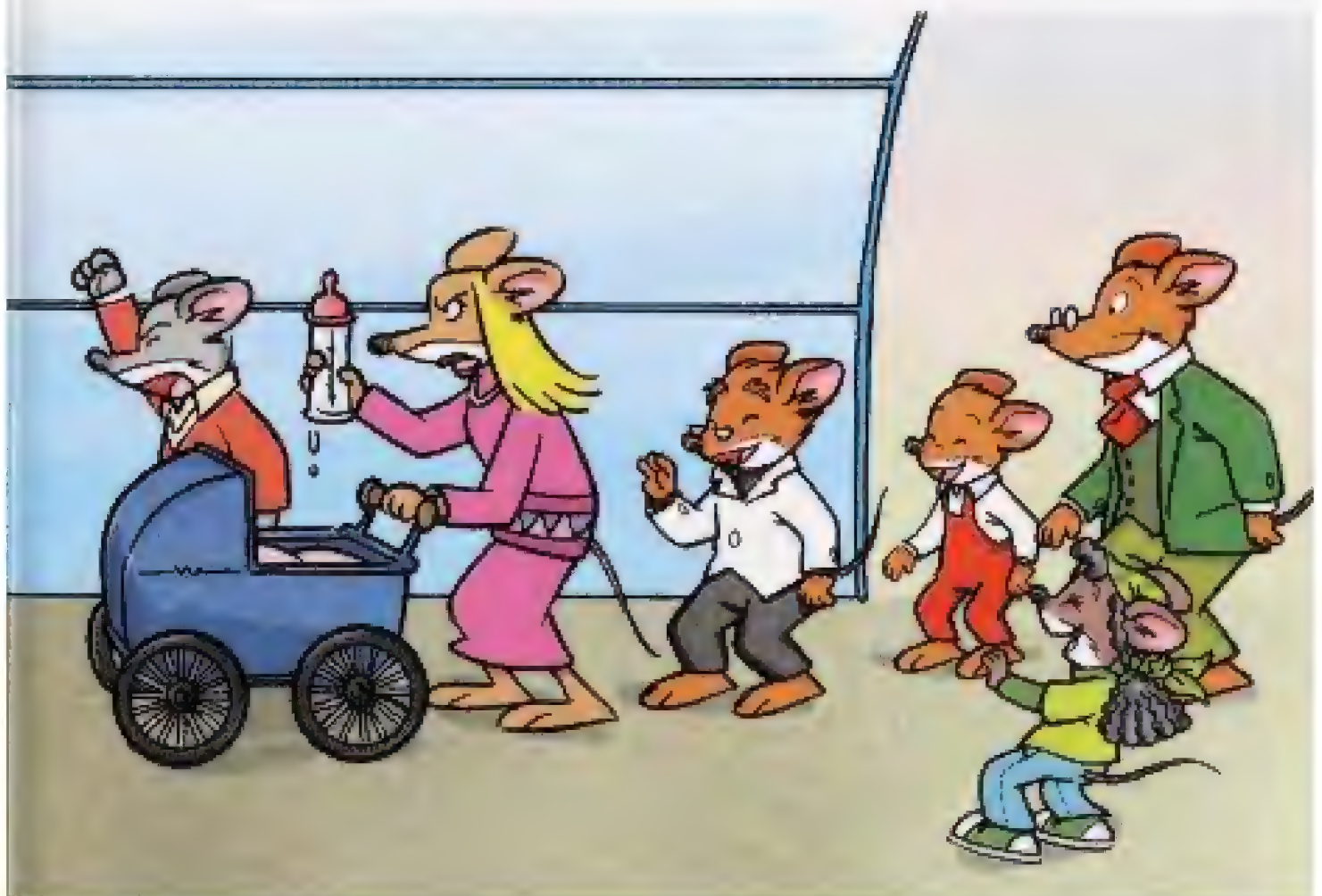
“WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK!” yelled everybody.

A mouse dressed in black tried to **CALM** everyone down. It didn't work.

The protests grew **LOUDER**.

“Where's Squeakman?” someone shouted.

“Yeah, where's the **CROOK**?” yelled someone else.



But Cyril Squeakman was nowhere in sight.

“Looks like everyone got the **new message** through their headphones, Professor,” Benjamin said with a grin.

“**Gotta return it! Gotta return it!**” sang Buggy, collapsing in a fit of giggles.

I smiled happily. It felt good to put **SQUEAKMAN THE SWINDLER** out of business.

As we returned to the car, we spotted the black helicopter.

Speaking of Squeakman . . .



GOOD RIDDANCE TO SQUEAKMAN!

“Look, Uncle!” shouted Benjamin. “It’s Cyril Squeakman! He’s **sneaking** away!”

I watched as the helicopter lifted off, leaving the superstore far behind. I thought about calling the police, but when I looked at the crowd of rodents **smiling**, I decided everything would be okay as it was.

“**Good riddance** to Squeakman!” everyone cheered.

The next day I ran an article on the front page of *The Rodent’s Gazette* with the headline “**Squeakman’s Shuts**

THE RODENT'S GAZETTE

SQUEAKMAN'S SHUTS DOWN!

ANGRY CUSTOMERS SEND SWINDLER ON THE RUN!



Angry customers
send swindler on
the run!

Angry customers
send swindler on
the run!

Angry customers
send swindler on
the run!

Down!" It showed a photo of SBS and Cyril *FLYING* off in his helicopter. Something told me he wouldn't be coming back anytime soon.

I was congratulating myself on the great job I had done discovering this **SUPERSTORE SCAM** when Benjamin and Buggy flew into my office. They had headphones on and were **JUMPING** around.



“Uncle G, will you take us to the new toy store downtown? They’re giving away free **SUPERMOUSE** action figures!” they pleaded.

Oh, no! Not again! I cringed. But a minute later Benjamin and Bugsy both collapsed into a fit of **giggles**.

“Just joking!” they squeaked, hugging me.

I grinned. I don’t need a **SUPERMOUSE** action figure to know that I, Geronimo Stilton, am **SUPER**-lucky to have such wonderful family and friends!





YOU'RE THE INVESTIGATOR!

DID YOU FIGURE OUT THE CLUES?

- 1** What strange thing do you notice on the roof of Squeakman's superstore?
The roof has an enormous antenna on it.
- 2** Why do Geronimo and Benjamin suddenly feel so happy and have a strange desire to dance?
Because of the music from their headphones.
- 3** Why did the security mouse say "danger averted" into his microphone?
Because he got the headphones back on Geronimo's head before Geronimo noticed anything fishy.
- 4** What did Geronimo finally understand?
That his headphones were what had made him want to dance and go shopping.
- 5** What do Benjamin and Bugsy want to do with the headphones?
They want to change the message played on the headphones so that mice will want to return their broken merchandise.

HOW MANY QUESTIONS DID YOU ANSWER CORRECTLY?

ALL 5 CORRECT: You are a
SUPER-SQUEAKY INVESTIGATOR!



FROM 2 TO 4 CORRECT: You are a
SUPER INVESTIGATOR! You'll get
that added squeak soon!



LESS THAN 2 CORRECT: You are
a **GOOD INVESTIGATOR!** Keep
practicing to get super-squeaky!



Farewell until the next mystery!

Geronimo Stilton

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

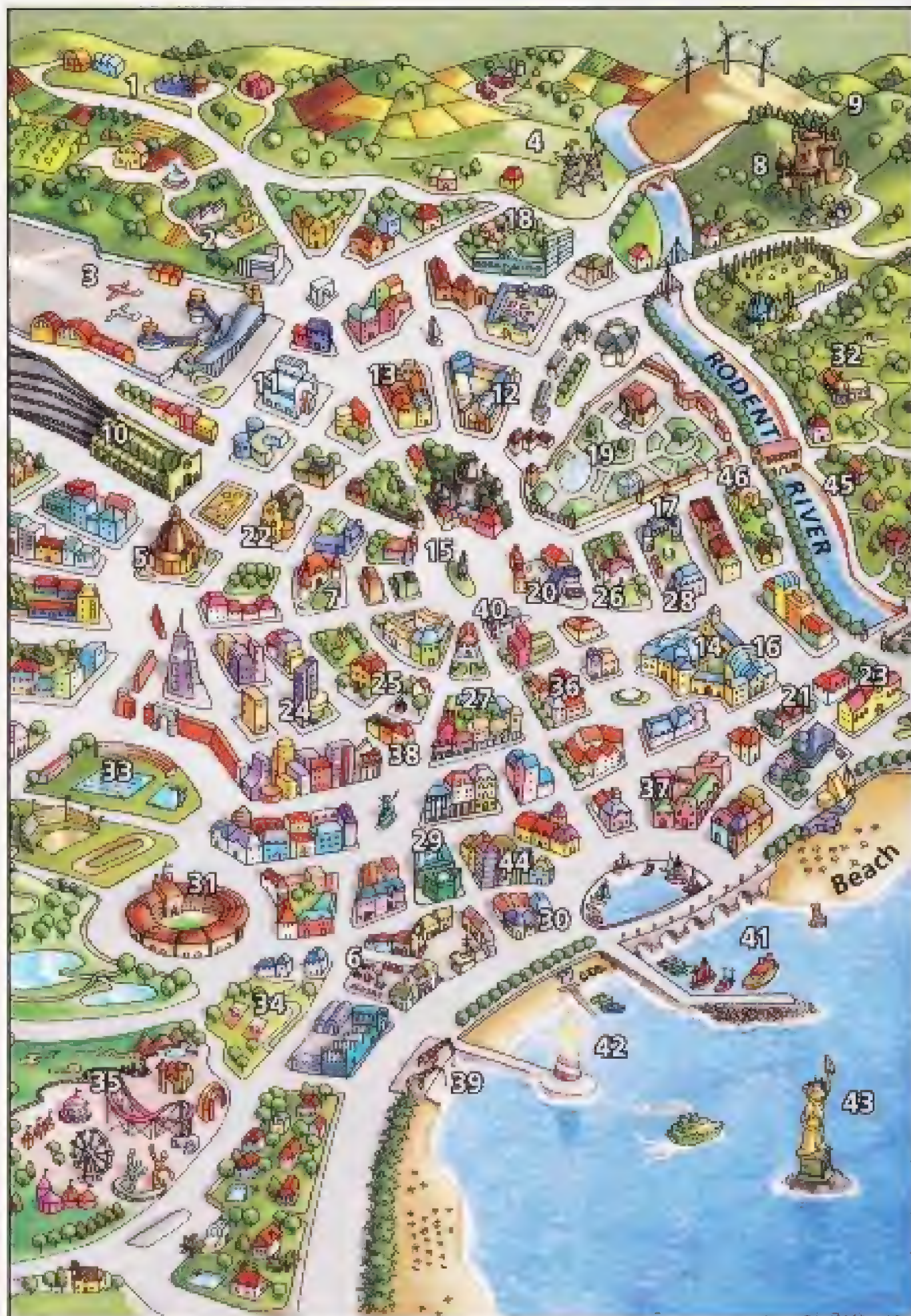
Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



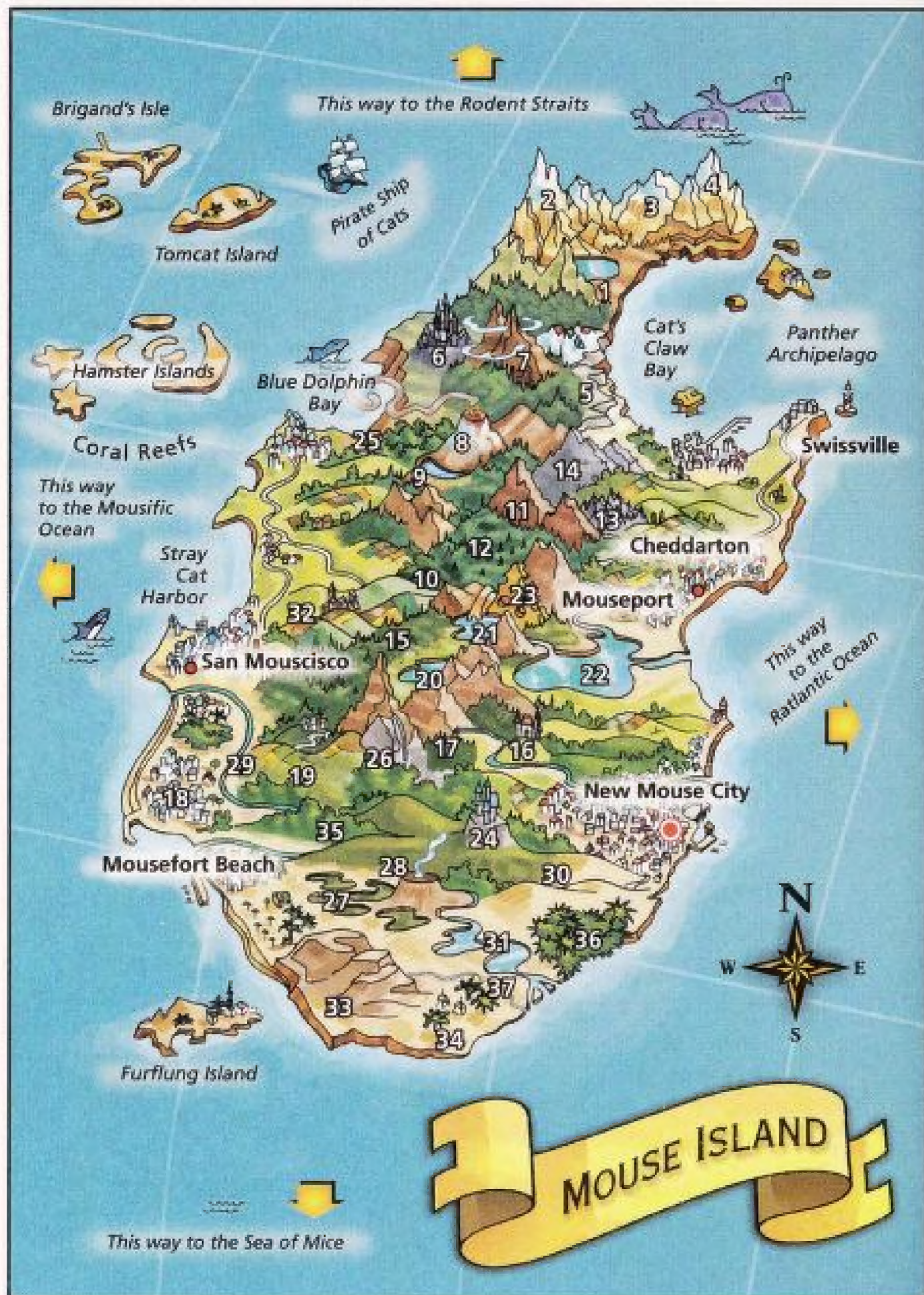
1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

*THE RODENT'S
GAZETTE*



Map of New Mouse City

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Industrial Zone | 25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i> |
| 2. Cheese Factories | 26. Trap's House |
| 3. Angorat International Airport | 27. Fashion District |
| 4. WRAT Radio and Television Station | 28. The Mouse House Restaurant |
| 5. Cheese Market | 29. Environmental Protection Center |
| 6. Fish Market | 30. Harbor Office |
| 7. Town Hall | 31. Mousidon Square Garden |
| 8. Snotnose Castle | 32. Golf Course |
| 9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island | 33. Swimming Pool |
| 10. Mouse Central Station | 34. Blushing Meadow Tennis Courts |
| 11. Trade Center | 35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park |
| 12. Movie Theater | 36. Geronimo's House |
| 13. Gym | 37. Historic District |
| 14. Catnegie Hall | 38. Public Library |
| 15. Singing Stone Plaza | 39. Shipyard |
| 16. The Gouda Theater | 40. Thea's House |
| 17. Grand Hotel | 41. New Mouse Harbor |
| 18. Mouse General Hospital | 42. Luna Lighthouse |
| 19. Botanical Gardens | 43. The Statue of Liberty |
| 20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store) | 44. Hercule Poirat's Office |
| 21. Parking Lot | 45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House |
| 22. Mouseum of Modern Art | 46. Grandfather William's House |
| 23. University and Library | |
| 24. <i>The Daily Rat</i> | |



Map of Mouse Island

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake | 21. Lake Lakelake |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak | 22. Lake Lakelakelake |
| 3. Slipperyslopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag |
| 4. Coldcreeps Peak | 24. Cannycat Castle |
| 5. Ratzikistan | 25. Valley of the Giant Sequoia |
| 6. Transratania | 26. Cheddar Springs |
| 7. Mount Vamp | 27. Sulfurous Swamp |
| 8. Roastedrat Volcano | 28. Old Reliable Geyser |
| 9. Brimstone Lake | 29. Vole Vale |
| 10. Poopedcat Pass | 30. Ravingrat Ravine |
| 11. Stinko Peak | 31. Gnat Marshes |
| 12. Dark Forest | 32. Munster Highlands |
| 13. Vain Vampires Valley | 33. Mousehara Desert |
| 14. Goose Bumps Gorge | 34. Oasis of the Sweaty Camel |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass | 35. Cabbagehead Hill |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle | 36. Rattytrap Jungle |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park | 37. Rio Mosquito |
| 18. Las Ratayas Marinas | |
| 19. Fossil Forest | |
| 20. Lake Lake | |



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
until the next mystery!



Geronimo Stilton

**CASE
CLOSED!**



MINI MYSTERIES

Hello, mouse friends! Join me, Geronimo Stilton, in solving this whisker-licking-good mystery. Find clues along with me as you read. Together, we'll be super-squeaky investigators!

THE SUPER SCAM

A new Superstore had opened in New Mouse City, and Benjamin and I were eager to go shopping. But once we got inside, we had a sudden urge to dance like crazy — and buy everything in sight! All the other shoppers were doing the same thing. Could we figure out what was going on before it was too late?

This edit



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